

# THE SENTINEL-JOURNAL.

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NO. 7.

The effect of *Scott's Emulsion* on thin, pale children is magical.

It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy.

It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.



## SAVED A SCALPING.

A Peculiar Experience In an Indian Uprising.

Indian warfare has produced many weird and unexpected situations, and the mind of the romancer has created more. But the strangest of them all will hardly surpass in novelty an experience which befell a citizen of Wyoming in the late Ute uprising. The Indians were sweeping across northern Wyoming near the Montana line and were being gradually surrounded by troops poured in from several quarters. The whites were armed for their own defense, and on several occasions conflicts had been narrowly averted.

One morning James J. Callahan of Arvada went out at daybreak with two cow punchers to cross the range in order to look at some stock. Suddenly out of the sagebrush there rose up around them a dozen Indians, who had them covered before any of them could draw a weapon.

With their hands in the air, the three white men faced a serious situation. "Things looked mighty blue," said Mr. Callahan afterward. "We had made up our minds that we were likely to part with our back hair."

As they sat thus the leader of the Utes approached and when he drew near gave a warwhoop which to Mr. Callahan's ears had a certain familiar and civilized twang to it. It verged on a college yell.

"Yah, there, Jimmy Callahan!" cried the warrior. "What are you doing out here? I'm Billy Birdseye, '95!"

Billy Birdseye it was sure enough, although hardly recognizable by his old Dartmouth comrade. Son of Chief Kanyanap, leader of the Ute

uprising, Billy was actively directing the operation of this party of his father's scouts and keeping well in practice to take his father's place in case of need. He came running forward to shake hands with Mr. Callahan, while his followers lowered their guns and exchanged wondering remarks in their own tongue.

But the strangest part of the adventure was still to come. From a pocket Billy Birdseye fished out two slips of pasteboard. They were tickets to the Princeton-Dartmouth football game, to be played in New York a week later.

"Here, Jimmy, take these," he said. "I was going east to see the game myself, but this business has come up to prevent. You may as well go along and see the fun and meet the boys again."

The tickets called for two choice seats in the front row, center of the field, and Mr. Callahan, whose hair had by this time settled firmly into place, went east the next day to use them.

Queer pictures must have been conjured up in his mind as the "rooters" for Princeton and for Dartmouth shattered the air with their college yells.—Youth's Companion.

## Urbanity.

A shopgirl entered the car.

Every strap was fully occupied.

But was she compelled to stand on her poor, tired, aching feet all the way home?

Oh, no! Three or four men promptly jammed her up among them in such a way that she could not possibly fall down.

Americans are no doubt the politest people in the world. As for the French, if you speak of them, they have no such opportunities.—Life.

## A New Aid Fable.

This is not a George Ade fable, though it may sling some slang. It is a Home Aid fable.

Once there was a Geezer, who sat around and cut Kindling too small for Cook Stove purposes. He Whittled against Time and Flabbergasted against his Town. The town was No Good, he said—strictly on the Blink. Yes, it was N. G. Why, hadn't he lived Here since '84 and found that the Place was Punky? Sure, Mike!

Look at that town over in the next County. Grown like Jonah's Gourd. Must be a Jonah here. We've grown some, but I don't see that we're knocking any particularly Big Per-simmons. That's the way this Gazaboo knocked his town.

One day a Sarcastic Stranger floated into the Town that was Knocked from the burg that had Blossomed like Jonah's Gourd. He Heard some of the Flabbergasting and Dropped to the situation.



"Look here, you," he remarked to the citizen who was Handing Out the Knocks. "What do you do for this town? Are you doing your part to put this Burg on the Upgrade? What's that Bunch of literature sticking out of your Clothes?"

"That's a Mail Order Catalogue from Chicago—a town that is a town," replied the Geezer.

"So I thought," said the Impertinent Arriv-al. "Now let me hand you out a nice little Wad of common sense. For the past ten years you have been sending your money to the Chicago Mail Order houses instead of spending it among your home merchants. What would have happened to Chicago fifty years ago if all the First Settlers had shipped their Loose Coin to New York on catalogue inducement? Why, you'd have to use a sand dragger now to find the Original Site of Chicago. Now, in the Burg from which I have just Blown in we

got over all this Bum Business years ago. We passed Resolutions that we would trade at home and help our own town to Spread out so that you could Sight it on the map without using Opera Glasses. But you and a Bunch of other folks in this town have wasted your Substance in Riotous Expenditures in Chicago by mail and let the sheriff hang out the 'Nothing Doing' sign in front of some of your own town's mercantile Emporiums. Look at our Town and then look at yours. What makes the Difference?"

Whereupon the Whittling Gazaboo threw a few well-chosen Thoughts into his mental makeup and went down to the village store to Annex a linen collar in place of the Paper Circles which he had bought from Chicago at Two Bits a Box.

MORAL: If you want your town to grow, patronize home enterprises.

## Commendable Example.

The popular after dinner speaker rose to respond to a toast.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the unexpectedly flattering manner in which your toastmaster has introduced me this evening reminds me of a story which strikes me as being appropriate to the occasion. By the way, how many of you have heard the story of the Pennsylvania farmer and the young wolf he bought for a 'coon dog'? Will those who are familiar with it from having listened to it half a dozen times or more please raise their hands?"

An overwhelming majority of his auditors raised their hands.

"Thanks, gentlemen," he said. "I shall not inflict it upon you."

With their rapturous applause still ringing in his ears he sat down. He made the hit of the evening.—Chicago Tribune.

## He Left the House.

While a lady was feeding a hungry tramp the other day she discovered he was pocketing her silver spoons.

Opening the door, she exclaimed, "Drop those spoons, you scoundrel, and leave the house!"

"But, madam!"—

"Leave the house, I say!" screamed the infuriated woman. "Leave the house!"

"I go, madam," said the tramp as he reached the front gate, "never to return." But before I go I would like to say that I did not intend to take your house.—Illustrated Bits.

## Sore Nipples and Chapped Hands

Are quickly cured by applying Chamberlain's Salve. Try it; it is a success. Price 25 cents.

Washington Star. "Expert" proves to me that she is a good girl. "The girl is a good girl," answered Mr. (unnamed) "on the plane, is she not?" "Expert."

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

## Twice in Jeopardy.

An old negro was brought before a justice in Mobile. It seemed that Uncle Mose had fallen foul of a bulldog while in the act of entering the henhouse of the dog's owner.

"Look here, Uncle Mose," the justice said informally, "didn't I give you ten days last month for this same thing? Same henhouse you were trying to get into. What have you got to say for yourself?"

Uncle Mose scratched his head. "Mars Willum, yo' sent me ter de chain gang fer tryin' ter steal some chickens, didn't yo'?"

"Yes, that was the charge."

"An' don't de law say yo' can't be charged twice wid de same 'tence?"

"That no man shall be twice placed in jeopardy for the identical act, yes."

"Den, sah, yo' des hab ter let me go, sah. Ah war after de same chickens, sah!"—Washington Post.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Busy Medicine for Busy People. Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. Its Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 25 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis. GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

## WHERE HE LIVED.

The Roundabout Way a Visitor to Paris Found His Hotel.

A young fellow from the north of England, the unfortunate possessor of a rather treacherous memory, went to spend a holiday in Paris, says the London Tatler. With a little difficulty he sought out a hotel, and anxious to make the best of his time he sallied forth the next morning to have a look at the boulevards. Having spent a few hours there he would return to his quarters. But to get to the boulevards and then get back to the hotel he soon found were very different things, for to his great annoyance he had utterly forgotten the name of the place where he had taken up his abode.

Further, a mere smattering of French was all he knew, and as every one he encountered appeared to have no knowledge of English the difficulty of explaining himself seemed insurmountable. At last to his great joy he stumbled across a fellow countryman, who after a little conversation suggested an ingenious escape from his dilemma.

"By the way," said he, "did you send to your people in England any intimation of your safe arrival last evening?"

"Of course I did," was the ready reply. "I wrote to my folks at once, as I promised my father I would."

"Then don't you think," remarked the quick-witted Englishman, "that it would be a good idea to wire home and ask them if they have received your letter to let you know your address in Paris?"

Absurd though it seemed at first, it was the only thing to be done, and luckily his letter had been written on hotel paper. He waited patiently in the telegraph office until he received the welcome intelligence which sent him on his way rejoicing.

Tall persons live longer than short ones, and those born in the spring have sounder constitutions than those born at any other season.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

## The True Phonetic Speller.

The child is the true phonetic speller. Little Elsie had been staying in a quiet woodland place—the cockney girlie was convalescent from a severe illness. Her letters were full of the joys of country life and reckless spelling. "The lanes and meddows (she wrote to a girl friend in London) is crammed wiv luvly flours. I got bofe hands full. Bootiful Star Annie Moans, Prim Roses, Daisies and Butter Cups and Jhon Quills—o my!" And the adult into whose hands the artless letter fell wondered if spelling were not a vastly overrated accomplishment!—London Chronicle.

## Origin of American Coffee.

"Louis XIV.," said a coffee importer, "was presented by the magistrates of Amsterdam with a fine specimen of the coffee plant. This was nursed carefully, and sprouts from it were sent to Martinique, being committed to the care of a French naval officer named De Cleux. The voyage was rough and long, the supply of water failed, and all the young plants died for lack of nourishment except one. With this one De Cleux divided his scanty allowance of water and arrived at Martinique with it alive. This little shoot afterward flourished and, it is alleged, became the parent plant from which the now almost innumerable varieties found on the American continent were produced."—New York Press.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

"How," she murmured in passionate tones, leaning toward him across the table; "how can you treat me so?" shadow crossed his brow. Then he said frankly, "Well, I got \$25 on my watch today." Her face was wreathed in dimples. "Let's have some more lobster," she said.—Cleveland Leader.

## CASTORIA

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Bears the Signature

of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

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For Over

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A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

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A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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